## LORD LANSDOWNE.

WHY HE WAS APPOINTED VICEROY OF CANADA.

(FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)

LONDON, May 25.

The appointment of the Marquis of Lansdowne to be Governor-General of Canada for five years from October next has been extremely well received by the press of both parties. It is in accordance with the traditions (in these days too often neglected) of English public life that nominations to great unperial posts abroad should be judged on their merits and not with reference to party interests. Lord Lansdowne has been judged in this way, and the result is honorable to him and auspicious for the great colony be is to rule.

The only important opinion hostile to Lord Lansdowne is an Irish opinion, or one section of Irish opinion, and that is based, or professes to be based, on his dealings with his tenantry. It is perfectly true that Lord Lansdowne has the misfortune to be an Irish landlord. His best friends cannot deny that. He was singled out for attack at a time when every engine was put in motion to secure a stringent lrish Land act. The greater part of his Irish estates lie in Kerry. The land and the tenants are alike poor. I dare say those of you who read the ms on Lord Lansdowne at the time pictured him to yourself as a receiver of enormous rents. Weil, he owns 95,000 acres in Kerry, and the rent amounts as nearly as possible to half a dollar an aere. Short of giving his land away, a landlord could not ask much less than Lord Lausdowne does. The truth in his case is the truth in many other cases. The tenant's holding is not large enough to support him, if he sat on it rent free. And then the landlord is blamed. Lord Lansdowne was very particularly accused because he set his face resolutely against the practice, common on estates managed in a slovenly way, of allowing the number of tenants to be increased on a holding already inadequate; as, for example, when a man gives his daughter in marriage and seeks to establish his son-in-law on the same property and in the same cottage. I thought Lord Lanedowne's action in that matter wise and humane. I read, I may add, the testimony adduced to his discredit at the time. It was ex-parte, one-sided, saturated with prejudice, and wholly inconclusive to substantiate important charge against Lord Lansdowne. No doubt it created a hostile prepossession in the minds of those who did not sift it carefully. But I should much like to take the judgment, on this and other kindred points, of any American accustomed to conduct his business on business principles-say a large mill-owner, or any other great employer of labor. I have no doubt what his answer would be. He would say that Lord Lansdowne had reduced the profit of his estate by attending to sentimental considerations.

There is, it must be added, a Radical outery

against Lord Lacadowne's appointment, just as there is a Radical outcry against every new nomince, to no matter what office. who has not the good fortune to be sprung, as the phrase goes, from the people. But it is not, in this instance, very well ained. The one leading journal which gives a timid voice to it, concedes that the Viceroyalty of Canada is hardly the office with reference to which a challenge of this kind can most profitably be made. The people of Canada, if the Radical oracle may be trusted, like to be governed by a man of high birth. It that be so, the expostulation of the entic at home must fail. The same sort of thing was said when Lord Lansdowne's brother, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, was made Under Secretary of State in specession to Sir Charles Dilke. He was born into aristocratic purple. I suggested then, and I may repeat now, that Americans might, for their part, set off against this disqualification the fact that the Fitzmaurices of to-day are the lineal descendants of that Lord Shelburne whose name must always be honored by us as one of the authors of the Treaty of Peace be tween Great Britain and her revolted colonies.

But it is said that Lord Lansdowne deserted Mr. Gladstone's government and opposed the Irish Land Act. No doubt he did, but it Mr. Gladstone does not deem that a reason for withholding his confideace from the offender, or for not appointing him Governor-General of Canada, it is difficult to see why others should. And the criticism implies a view of the facts which is, I think, at variance with the true one. Lord Lansdowne well knew that no opposition of his was needed to induce the Lords to throw out the Compensation for Disturbance bill, or would avail ultimately to defeat any Land bill, on which the Government and country were resolved. He resigned as a matter of principle and con science, as the Duke of Argyli did, and as Mr. Bright subsequently did on a different question. He could not with his convictions, support the measure the ministry had resolved on, and would not remain in office when he had ceased to be at one with his colleagues on questions be thought vital. Conduct of that sort requires eulogy, not defence. Still more does it when the Minister resigning, as in Lord Lansdowne's case, not merely abandons an Under-Secretaryship, but renounces certain and near promotion to Cabinet rank. He opposed the Land Bill, but not, so far as I know, with acrimony; at any rate, that was not the opinion of his former colleagues, nor of his political associates. I have heard Lord Lansdowne's conduct discussed. The indement of those most interested may be summed up in the phrase often used about him by the Minis ters he had quitted-that he had behaved extremely

Our Canadian friends, I apprehend, will be likely to regard debates on this already distant past as sterile, and will be more eager to know what man ner of man the actual Lord Lansdowne of to-day is; to know, in a word, what sort of a Governor-General they are going to have. They know him as the possessor of a great name, a historic title, heir to estates that might once be called great, but which lie, unhappily for their present possessor, in just those two parts of the United Kingdom where estates have lost most in value. You from your side of the Atlantic impaired property in Ireland by sending money to support an agitation against rent which was largely factitious, and which could never have been maintained six months without American or Irish-American contributions. You ent down profits at the same time in the English County of Wiltshire by exporting bacon and cheese, and supplying the English market at a price which the Wiltshire tenant farmer could not compete with. One visible evidence of this twofold attack has been the letting of Lansdowne House, in London, and the shutting up of Bowood; both houses which have played a brilliant part in the social life

What I was saying just now about Lord Lapsdowne's probable admission into the Cabinet indi-cated clearly Mr. Gladstone's judgment of the man, The Prime Minister is not supposed to be too favor able to the early promotion of capable young men, and his then Under Secretary for India was but thirty-five at the time of his resignation. Lord Lansdowne is just Lord Lorne's age, and so comes to the Vicerovalty of Canada with five years more to the good than did the present incumnt. Lord Lorne's official experience was such as may have been gained during a three years' pri-vate secretaryship to his father. Lord Landsowne Was Under Secretary for War for 1872-74, and Under Secretary for India from the formation of the Gladstone Government till his migra-April-August, 1880. There is in those brief tenures of supordinate posts to prove conclusively his fitness or the great duties he is now called to undertake. that, one must look to the character of the mau, and to his personal reputation. It may be said that no man can succeed to the Marquisate of Lanslowne and hold it, as the present man has, for eixteen or seventeen years, withont having his measure pretty accurately
taken. He has had a high part to play, and in these
times a difficult one, and he has played it well. The
expression that elips from my pen is not a happy
one, I must add. Nobody was ever less theatrical than Lord Lausdowne, in whose bearing simplicity and dignity are equally marked traits. If it be true that the Canadians like to be governed by a great nobleman, a man with the virtues and attractive ersonal qualities that are supposed to go with high with and long descent, they will get the man they

want in the Marquis of Lansdowne. They are exacting also, one hears, in the matter of wives, as they well may be if they take Lady Dufferin and the Princess Louise as standards of what Governor-General's wives should be. I avoid comparisons, but I may say that those who know Lady Lansdowne know that her husband will have all the aid that can be given him by an accomplished and charming woman,

Indisputably a man of great power, knowledge,

and dexterity, is the testimony of one of the new Governor-General's opponents. Rhetorical readiness also, adds he. The latter I should put more strongly. I have heard Lord Lansdowne in the Upper Chamber where, like every Liberal peer, he has to face a hostile majority. I thought he showed singular coolness and a very considerable power of thinking on his legs, but with a certain hardness of manner. It must be difficult to be sympathetic in the chill of an assembly which is both aristocratic and inimical. But the other day I heard Lord Lansdowne address an audience of seven or eight thousand persons at Albert Hall. 'The oceas'on was the distribution of prizes to school-children by the Princess of Wales, and the ardience was mixed, just the sort of test for determining whether a man ha any faculty of popular oratory. Lord Lansdowne was easy, touched lightly on the more solemn sides of his subject, contrived to interest children and parents both, and by the time he sat down had quite captivated his audience. He was perfectly audible, for one thing, and that is no small thing in a tabernacle so vast as the Albert Hall.

Altogether, both Canadians and Ameri cans have reason to expect that Lord Lansdowne's Governor-Generalship will continue the happy precedent of recent times. The post is thought here to be one requiring real capacity and statesmanlike breadth of view-by no means ornamental merely, or mainly. The development of the immense resources of Canada is a pur-pose English Ministers have at heart, for Canada's sake, and for England's sake. The promotion of friendly relations between Canada and the United States is an object also dear to them. It is quite certain that Mr. Gladstone would not select for great aims like these any man in whose capacity and character he had not confidence. Lord Lansdowne, moreover, has now his first great opportuni ty, and it is precisely those who know him best who anticipate for him most surely an honorable and

## NOTES FROM LONDON.

RELATING MOSTLY TO PERSONS OF CELEB-RITY.

[FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE] London, May 26.

The proposal of the Bar Association of New-York to make Lord Chief Justice Coleridge their guest from the time of his leaving Liverpool, is but ill received by some of the Lord Chief Justice's country men. There are Englishmen, including some addicted to the law, who say that a great dignitary, the head of a great profession, should not allow his passage across the Atlantic and back to be paid by foreigners or anybody else. They respect the large sentiment of hospitality which dictates the New-York proposal, but they would have respected still morethe sentiment of professional and personal dignity in Lord Coleridge which ought, think these cavillers, to have led him to decline the Perhaps this scruple is offer. corollory to the more general one, existing also in full force here, which would have had him decline the invitation altogether. I forget whether I have quoted a remark I heard, which was obviously made in order to be quoted, that the Lord Chief Justiceship of England was never meant to be colported about in foreign lands. Other remarks also I might quote, but will not. Is not the Engtishman by birthright a grumbler ! And why should

the well-meant zeal of the New-York Bar be ex-

posed to this captiousness from abroad !

The very circumstantial and rather distressing story that Mr. John Bright was about to marry the sister of his first wife is at last contradicted with authority. Oddiy enough, Mr. Bright, about the time when this piece of gossip, long current privately, was flying about in public, became engaged in arguing with some clergyman the questionable thesis that an illegal marriage union is not, or may not be, immoral. He does regard the present state of the law in England on that subject as iniquitous; rightly so; and the Rev. Mr. Tucker who challenged him to say why, did not cut a beautiful figure at the end of their brief correspondence. But all that is pleasure such an experiment as that imputed to him above all, at his age, and at this moment. If he or anybody else must marry his deceased wife's sister, he has only to possess his soul his soul in patience for, probably, a few weeks more. Lord Dalhouste's bill legalizing such marriages comes on in the House of Lords early next month-June 11, I think. There is every probability that it will be passed. It was defeated last year by three votes only, and by a series of mischances not likely to occur again. Once through the Lords, it is only a question of opportunity in the House of Commons. where a similar measure has repeatedly been car ried by enormous majorities-more than 150 last time. The combined forces of the Tories and the Irish may of course pitch upon this or any other disputed bill as a convenient means of obstruction. So long as Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Watton and Mr. Biggar are in a position to unite against a common enemy (legislation of any kind is their common enemy), it is idle to predict that this or that bill will become law. The most one can say is that the deceased wife's sister has as good a chance as anybody can have this year, in private hands The majority of Ministers are favorable to it, but it will not be made a ministerial measure. Every-thing that the clergy of the Established Church can do to defeat it will be done; even to the extent of accepting Mr. Warton as a champion of the faith, and Mr. Biggar as the upholder of strict morality between the sexes.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's appointment to the Clark Lectureship in English Literature lately founded at Trimity College, Cambridge, is welcomed by everybody who has at heart the interests of English literature and who cares to see the noble study rescued from the neglect which is all that the universities have hitherto bestowed upon it. Mr. Stephen is scholar and student in the nigh sense of those words; a critic, also, who can do something besides find fault; a writer of excellent English, and a delicate judge of the Erclish and of the thoughts and spirit of those who have gone before him. Lately we all rejoiced over his selection by Messrs, Smith & Elder to edit the new "Biographia Britannica." This lectureship need not, and I presume will not, interfere in the least with the due performance of that other far more laborious task. It is not the habit of the English University to overtask its lecturers or professors. Mr. Leslie Stephen will be expected to give courses of lectures-perhaps two or three in each year, not more. The outer world may be permitted to hope that these will ultimately be published, though not, perhaps, reported in the daily papers, as Mr. Ruskin's on contemporary art now are. The popularity of Mr. Ruskin's discourses is, however, due not only to Mr. Ruskin's immense fame and general brilliancy of method, but to the other fact that he is at present expressing his opinions, sensations, prejudices, convictions and judgments for the time being on living artists and their work.

The death of M. Edouard Laboulage, reported today from Paris, recalls to mind the last time I saw him in public on the stage of the so-called Academy of Music, of M. Victor Hugo's "Light City of the World." I forget the date, perhaps it was the Fourth of July, but the meeting I can hardly be wrong in thinking had for its object the promotion of subscriptions to the statue scheme of M. Bar-tholds for the benefit of New-York Harbor. M. Labonlaye delivered an address to a large audience, which included Mr. Washburne, then Minister of the United States to France (and an excellent one he was). The address was what is called historical, and dealt with the American Revolution; gave an account or outline of that struggle to the assembled Frenchmen. At times as M. Laboulaye rounded his careful periods, I pinched myself to make sure I

was awake and not dreaming. When it was over I looked about me and saw on the faces of the patriot Gauls sitting in serried ranks, that unmistakable glow of gratified vanity always to be seen when the good and great deeds of France have been celebrated. And no wender. For I am quite certain that if an ingenuous youth of French or American birth, had heard the story of the Revolution for the first time that evening, and been asked to sum the mat-ter up, he would have said this: 'that there had been a long war on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean between England and France, ending in the triumph of France; to which, indeed, a few backwoodsmen and militia called Americans had from time to time I lent some insignificant Readers of M. 'Laboulaye's brilliant 'Paris en Amérique" do not need to be reminded that he was capable of taking a conde scending view of the country which at that time he set himself to hold up as an example of anti-Imperialism. Later in life M. Laboulaye's Republican faith became of a far less hopeful hue, and his one shining star has set in a sombre sky. Any strength he has had recently in the political world-and it was not much-has been used for the behoof of the reactionary clerical party which usurps the name

Mr. John Morley has been released (by curren gossip, printed and otherwise), from the charge of The Pall Mall Gazette, at least half a dozen times over within the last month. Traces of his hand are nevertheless to be seen in that paper almost daily, and the general tone and conduct of it remain unaltered. To-day I met a man sure to know the real truth, and asked him if there was anything in the story-if, in fact, Mr. Morley had resigned, or intended to resign, the editorship of the journal in question. "My dear S." was the answer, " the report is purely what a friend of mine in Dublin calls a Cunard.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford appeared last week in London, almost simultaneously with the publica-tion by Messrs. Macmillan of his new novel "Dr. Clandius." Under the experienced guidance of Mr. Sam Ward-I really cannot bring myself to write Samuel-Mr. Crawford saw in four days as much of the British capital and of British society as the less expertly piloted American might not come to know in twice as many months. I am certain that Mr. Crawford goes home with a conviction that the private houses in London are all as big as churches and all inhabited by Dukes; that the suburban residences are models of the English gentleman's country house all in the olden time, with stables in the court-yards; that their owners are among the most charming of mankind, not less devoted to books than to horses; and finally, that church service on Sunday morning is held in Hyde Park, bordering on Rotten Row, and exclusively attended by the loveliest women in the world, Americans excepted. These impressions may be subject to modification, but I am far from saying that they are not, on the whole, accurate.

It is just possible that the early edition business n modern English literature has been overdone. A sale took place this week of a library widely heralded in the papers as rich in Tennysons, Swin burnes and other much-sought authors, Wordsworth among them. But prices ruled very low-in most cases not more than half what the London second hand booksellers have been asking and getting for similar books. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" fetched 45 shillings. I have known £6 given by auction within two years. It is conceivable that the exist-ence of a counterfeit "original" edition may have lowered the market rate of the genuine ones. The two-volume edition of 1842 brought but £3 5s. as against the £5 commonly quoted for it in catalogues. The "rare" Poems of 1830 produced £3 only. Wordsworths in no case reached so much as 2 gumeas, the Lyrical Ballads excepted, which is really a scarce book. Possibly enough these copies, which belonged to Mr. Herman, one of the authors of the "Silver King," were not in good condition, albeit described as uncut. It is not given to every man to be a collector in any other sense than a collector of such inferior wares as the too clever bookseller chooses to pass off upon his customer. Swinburne's "Atalanta," first edition, quarto, sold for £3 5s -- a good price. There is an odd remark in the report to the effect that the booksellers present were indignant because it was stated in the catalogue that a copy of "Atalanta" had lately brought £31. and not stated that the copy in question was a gift from Swinburne to Dante Rossetti, with long inscription in verse. The innocent souls! I wonder how many booksellers' catalogues are issued in London without just such statements; true in the letter, and nd of their brief correspondence. But all that is of ntterly misleading in spirit and in their effect on the distant buyer. A number of Shelleys were sold; ny other; none of the very rare ones making part f Mr. Herman's collection. The Ruskins, "Stones Venice," £16; "Modern Painters," £32; "Seven amps," 6 guineas, were not far from the average of recent prices.

THE CUSTOM OF TIPPING WAITERS.

A EUROPEAN IMPORTATION THAT HAS TAKEN ROOT -WHAT WAITERS EARN.

The habit of feeing waiters and the habit which waiters have of accepting these, are well known to every one who frequents the hotels and restan-rants of the city. There is a difference of opinion as to whether the custom is a bad one. Generally speaking the waiters like the custom, because it adds more or less to their income, and they think they would receive no higher wages if the practice of feeing were stopped. As a rule the proprietors of hotels and dining-rooms are more or less indifferent to the receiving of frees by waiters. So long as they can bire waiters at a nominal rate, get the desired service from them and receive full prices for their viands, it makes little difference to them if a customer's extra change goes into the waiter's pocket. Yet these men admit that feeing tends to destroy discipline among the waiters, and makes it necessary to watch that the customer who fees does not receive more than he pays for, and that the customer who does not fee

than he pays for, and that the customer who does not fee receives proper attention. Jealousy and ill-feeling are also caused among the waiters unless they pool their fees at the end of the day.

The public thinks that feeing waiters is a nuisance and wishes the custom had stayed at home in Europe along with many other unwelcome importations. So one objets to tipping a waiter occasionally when he feels like it and has the spare change and the waiter does feels like it and has the spare change and the waiter does his work well. But any one with a taste for republican simplicity, and who believes that servants should do what they are paid for doing, is annoyed on entering a restaurant to find that all the waiters are intent on esting a tip. He is scanned by them and his pocket-book and his generosity are estimated. If he looks promising a half dozen waiters will draw out chairs with a flourish and try to attract him to their tables. Then follow the obsculous attentious and fawning servitity which are not a part of good service, are extremely annoying, and mean simply: "I expect something for this."
Several thousand waiters are employed in the high-priced restaurants and hotels of the city. Their pay, besides their meals, ranges from \$50 to \$120. Positions in places like Delmonico's are the most lucrative. The head-waiters receiving from \$50 to \$120. Positions in places like Delmonico's are the most lucrative. The head-waiter at the Hotel Brunswick said to a Trinuxe reporter recently that Delmonico's up-town and down-town establishments, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Gilsey House, the Victoria Hotel and the Brunswick were the most profitable places for waiter to get fees. "It is an established custom and it cannot be helped," said he. "So many people in New-York go abroad and catch the helpet on the Continent and then return and keep it up on this side. Then there are large numbers of foreigners in the city to aid in spreading the ensum, and of course the waiters encourage them. It is a cosnopolitan city, and we must expect such customs. I suppose waiters here and at Delmonico's often make \$4 or \$5 a day from fees." Charles Delmonica, when asked about the practice of feeing waiters, said it was a European custom which had become so firmly established in this country that it could not be well stopped, any more than the passion for pug dogs and silver-neaded canes. People with piently of money, he said, liked little extra attentions and quick service and were willing his work well. But any one with a taste for republican er to secure them.

The) fees of some waiters at Deimonico's amount to

walters. They keep up the old abouthoust aspect of the club perhaps.

Walters are always scarcer in summer than in winter, and just now they are in great demand for summer hotels, there not being enough imposuntous college boys to supply the demand. The head-walters of big restaurants are ausaily men of some property, those at the St. Denis, Delmonico's, the Brunswick and other places having sang little fortunes. Walters rarely sleep in the hotels where they work, though they do at the Fifth Avenue. Delmonico's up-town place employs often as many as 125 men; the Brunswick 60, the Hoßman House and Fifth Avenue Hotel about 30.

CURRENT FRENCH TOPICS. LABOULAYE - THE INSECT SHOW- ART SALES-DIPLOMATIC.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.
PARIS, May 25.
For some weeks M. Laboulaye was missed from the Senate. To-day we know the reason of his absence. It was hypertrophy of the heart, which has had a fatar termination. The deceased Senator was about twenty years ago a prodigious favorite of the Northern side of the American colony in Paris. The days on which he lectured at the College of France it was impossible, if one did not go early, to obtain a seat in the lecture-room. All the places were taken by Americans. The ladies who attended came with bouquets which they asked the attendent to place on the professor's dealt. Travellers from the Northeastern cities of the United States made a point of going to call on Laboulaye at his villa at Clagny, near Versaitles. His "Paris-en-Amerique" at once became a favorite book in America. Laboulaye had also many Eng-lish (admirers. An enthusiastic one was Mr. Edward Pigott, whilem foreign eaitor of The London Daily News and now censor of plays in London. Laboulaye was an admirable elecutionist and knew thoroughly the technique of his art. His little treatise on public speaking is the best on the sub-ject that I have ever read. Latterly he had the weakness to set up to be of noble descent. He was induced to do so in order to facilitate the advancement of his sons, who are in diplomacy and who have added to their patronymic the prefix of

As a matter of fact, the Senatur was of humble ancestry. But as it was essentially honest, there was no reason why he should seek to hide it. father was a printer and Edouard worked as his devil." A good part of his literary education was picked up in the exercise of his trade. Laboulaye was of Protestant descent, but as he grew old and clerical reaction set in he rather avoided than cultivated his former co-religionists. In some things he had backbone. In others he was mollnscous. His steady capacity for hard work was remarkable Before the children grew up he appeared to have moral courage. But after they grew up, went into diplomacy and made the acquaintance of illustrious folk, amongst whom were kings and queens, he became an arrant trimmer and time-server.

M. Laboniaye was for a Frenchman curiously like a Quaker. His face was shaved, his nair was long and lank, and he had a calm manner and puritanical air. The cotlar of his coat and his high-but toned waistcoat were peculiarly Quakerish. But if he had a puritanical aspect, he was not prim. There was frankness in the eye, which looked straight forward. The forehead was high and gave the expression of placidity to the countenance. M. Laboulaye had a fresh complexion-the result of tranquil habits and regular life. It was in the society of the late Madame Scherer at Clagny that he fell to love with American institutions and customs She was highly educated, and, I believe, from Bos ten. At any rate, she was a niece of Uncle Sam So early as 1839 Laboulaye was elected to a chair in the College of France. He had a great talent for throwing out basts to idlers and making himself understood by the ignorant. His tact in judging of the medium capacity of those who filled his lecture room was so great that Jules Simon once said: "Laboulaye is a woman disguised as a French Quaker." The charge of talking over the heads of his auditors could never be fairly brought against him. Yet he was never trivial, nor commonplace He had the gift of clearness and always knew how to interest. For eleven years he had as rival lecturers at the College of France, Michelet, Jules Simon, and Edgar Quinet. They had eloquence poetry, passion. Michelet was a magician who had the power to raise dry bones from the grave, to clothe men with muscles and flesh, and to breathe again into their nostrils the breath of life. Labonlaye had merery facile elecution, good sense, and a pleasant, pointed style. It was hardly brilliant, But with these qualities, and the negative one of complete absence of pedantry, he kept his lecture room filled. There was a grain of satire in his lec tures which he sometimes brought to bear upon the institutions of the Empire. He drew upon it pretty freely in his " Prince Caniche." It was Lapoulage, the mild satirist of Imperial France, wht was put forward at the general elections of 1869 by the Strasburg students against M. Renouard de Bussieres, the father of the Counters de Pourtales. He was beaten. But to console him for his defeat his enthusiastic young backers subscribed to buy him a They chose a silver inkstand, in fortestimonial. warding which to the eminent lecturer they signed atic address. But in the following Jar uary Laboulage, who was tired of bouquets and empty applause, "ratted." He found a decent pretext for going over to the Empire in the Ollivier Ministry, and in the course of the spring became the advocate of the plebiscitum. On what conditions he passed over to the enemy has never been stated. But no doubt parental fondness was at the bottom of his apostasy. The Emperor expected that Laboutaye would draw after him the youth of Strasburg and of the Quartier Latin. So far from going in his wake they called him a traitor, and

straburg and of the Quartier Latin. So far from going in his wake they called him a traitor, and clamered for him to return the silver inkstand. For many days the words, "reades l'encrier (give bock the inkstand)" were in large characters at the head of La Marsellaise, Rochefort's journal. Laboulaye kept the precious article.

He was, in the Versailles Assembly, one of the fathers of the illogical Constitution under which France now lives. It was very well in "Prince Caniche" to eulogize universal suffrage and the elective principle applied as it is in America. But when his convictions came to be tested they were found to be mere flowers of rhetoric. Laboulaye was a member of the Committee of Thirty which reported on the Wallon project. Since the return of the Chambers to Paris he has hung on to the skirts of M. Jules Simon, who, when in power, made him Grand Master of the University and advanced his sons in diplomacy. Laboulaye protested in the name of liberty against the excention of the decrees against the Religions Orders and against the withdrawal from the Orleans Princes of their military grades. In private his he was amiable and a man of numerous virtues. In public life he was an india-rubber man, but never positively dishonest. Feachem's idea, that a man should at all risks provide for his children, incapacitated him from acting the part of a statesman. He was a dishirful grandfather and in the holidays might from acting the part of a statesman. He was a delightful grandfather and in the holidays might often be met in the woods round Versailles giving lessons in natural history to a pet grandson, for wrose delectation "Les Contes Bleus" or "Fairy Tales" were written.

wrose delectation "Lee Contes Bleus" or "Fairy Tales" were written.

I never remember a summer when minor exhibitions were so general as now. We have the Ahmentary Exhibition; the Old Shoes Exhibition at Cluny; the Exhibition; the Old Shoes Exhibition at Cluny; the Exhibition; the International Paintings Exhibition; and in a few weeks are to have an Insect Exhibition in the Tuileries Gardens. The last-named show will be a particularly interesting one. Sir Charles Stewart's collection of bugs will include no less than eighty-three varieties. The collection of Baron Roy des Essarts, who has gone all over the world in search of different kinds of fleas, will be on exhibition. He picked up nineteen sorts at Constantinople alone, and ten at Rome and Naples. He regards his museum as the most valuable in the world. Professor Werthemberg, a German materalist, sends a collection of coleopters for which he has refused 15,000 francs. The Mugendorf collection is said to have a market value of upward of 1,000,000 francs. It possesses a Java firefly which alone cost 7,500 francs. Herr Scapalistrini, of Vicuna, was to have sent his late uncle's museum. The person who collected the insects which it contains had a passion for gathering venomous insects. He died this year of the sting of a gadfly.

Madame Obicini's offer, to make her industrious fleas a feature of the exhibition, has not been accepted. These insects were on view last winter in the Boulevard Sepastopol. Their owner is a little plump, gypsy-looking woman. She fed her fleas on her own fat arm twice a week. Two of them are capted them last week to Moscow for the entertainment of the great people who attend the Czar's coronation. An old judge will send to the exhibition his great grandfather's wig. It-has remained in an uncleansed state for upward of a hundred years, and it is alive with crawling and blood-sucking creatures. A Chinges city is not so populous. It appears that the inhabitants of the wig comprise many varieties and that to an artist no plant is a week,

How terribly Courbet's paintings have fallen in market value! His beautiful picture of stags at a woodland spring which M. Emile de Girardin bought in 1866 was yesterday sold for 4,400 france. It was the most charming thine of the kind in the

De Girardin gallery. The Bull Fight by the same artist only fetched 780 francs. On the other hand two paintings of Delacroix fetched respectively 80,090 francs and 35,000 francs. The Corotz went "for a song." A Morning Seene at Ville di Avray was knocked down at 610 francs. Boucher's Vertumnes and Pomona was carried away by an American. He got it for 4,000 francs. Three years ago it might have easily fetched six or seven times that sum. There is a reaction against Greuze. Millet's Sheep and Shepherg was the object of hes bidding. Maurice Bernhardt purchased the full length portrait of his mother by Carolus Duran, which was hung up in M. de Girardin's dining room.

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I had a long conversation with M. Jules Ferry this morning. He appeared less sanguine than he generally is in talking of the home and foreign situation of France. The attitude of Great Britain he frankly admitted annoyed him. Ever since Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has stepped into the shoes of Sir Charles Dilke at the Foreign Office, the diplomatic relations between France and England have beenlymanting in cordinity. M. Ferry had been told that Lord Edmond was by the maternal side a grandson of Count de Flahault, the father (illegitimate) of the Duke de Morny. But he could not think that the circumstance of relationship to Queen Horteuse's lover could affect his views as a statesman. I asked M. Ferry whether he thought Lord Edmond deserved to be qualified by the flattering spithet which had been applied to him. He said he did not know, as he was not personally acquainted with him. quainted with him.

QUITS.

"Who is that flirt, you ask, In the crushed-banana dress?" Tis my wife you take to task With such emphatic stress! "That stupid antique cad Will talk her into fits. Your husband? That's not bad! At least it makes us quits."

MR. HENRY JAMES'S ENGLAND.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S ENGLAND.

From a Letter to The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. Mr. Henry James is in an unfortunate position. Not only has be been too long away from the States to remember or learn the truth about those American constones and manyers he satirizes, but he is also not sufficiently acquainted with English ideas to represent our "points of view" correctly. The fact is that in England the springs of opinion are too traditional and lie too deep for any one not born with them to grasp them rightly. The forces which operate most powerfully in this country are never paraded; they are so inherent here that Englishmen take them as natural to all, and never insist on them in words. This is particularly true of the English conception of social rank, our ideas of which can never be really plain to an outsider. This is due in some measure to the custom of giving all Americans and foreigners the brovet rank of "gentleman" while they are visiting the old country, provided only that they are ordinarily presentable. Many Americans think that because Englishmen of high rank occasionally marry Americans, our aristocracy is losing its old exclusiveness. But this arises from a radical misconception of English views as to marriage. A peer in England may marry any presentable girl without loss of position, because she takes his rank and becomes absorbed into the "great house" of which he is the head. But let an American gentleman, however rich and distinguished, seek to marry a daughter of such a family, and he would find himself, unless he occupied a very high place in the Government or diplomatre service of his country, ranked far beneath the poorest and least distinguished member of a "good English family." Io such peepie he is only Mr. Brown, of some (vague) place in the States, while the other is "one of the Browns of Brown Hall, my dear," or "a cousin of Sir John Brown, the baronet, love"; and while they might wetcome him as a gneet, a question of alliance would not be entertained, or, if entertained, would be

I nen, in England, to belong to any of the dissort-ing religious bodies is a complete bar to social rank. All the peerage and most "gentlemen" belong nom-inally to the Established Church. Its clergy are largely related to and marry members of the aris-tocracy; several are peers in their swn right, beside those bishops who have seats in the House of Lords

The knowledge of all these things forms "points The knowledge of all these things forms "points of view," but those who merely visit or reside in England for a while see little of this, because Englishmen do not indge Americans by their own standards, or wish to impose their own social laws on strangers, besides being too well-pred to point out their differences of rank to outsiders. Americans should be carefully aware that the only English "point of view" is that taken by Englishmen born and bred, and should smilingly disregard the criticisms on themselves which visitors to our country put in our months. We Englishmen have too genuine a respect for America, and wish too well to her great republic, to oder any usualting remarks on largers and authors. her great republic, to oder any insuling remarks of her manners and culture, believing, as we do, that her future will disappoint all those who are envious of her by its unforescen successes.

I have the honor to be, yours, faithfully.

A REAL ENGLISHMAN.

## A HUMAN MULBERRY TREE;

A HUMAN MULBERRY TREE:

Pros. The Philadelphia Press.

In the private cemetery adjoining the Academy of Natural Sciences, almost hidden by the tail green grass, and covered with moss, there stands the stump of what was once a flourishing mulberry tree. If this stump could speak it would unfold a most wonderful tale of transmigration, not of the spiritual, but of the physical, kind. For the tree, of which the stump is a melancholy relic, found its birth in a human death, and flourished and grew upon a diet of blood and bones and coffin-boards, like the famous tree that sprang from the grave of Roger Williams. Linked with the history of this stump there is another history, equally curious, which concerns two churches, one long since torn down and forgotten, the other now standing in a fashionable quarter of the city. Away back in the bearnning of the present century, before steamships were even thought of, Mrs. Agues Duncan, a good Scotch dame of noble birth, set sail in a stout ship for the infant Republic. When in mid-ocean the elements set up a ferrible hubbub, the rain came down in torrents, the waves rolled mountain high, and the superstitions Scotch dame, falling upon het knees, prayed for delivery, vowing in return for this boon from merciful Providence to build and endow a church when she should reach dry rand.

She arrived in Philadelphia, and, by her direction, a frame church was built on Thirteenth-st., on the west side, half-way between Market and Filbert. The first pastor was the Rev. Isaac McInniss, also a Scotchman. The church grew and prospered, and a number of the congregation, for their own convenience, established a private cemetery—the one now adjoining the Academy of Natural Sciences. This was in 1924. Mrs. Dunean removed to Baltimore. A branch church or chapel was established at Twelfth and Walnut ste., prestded over in a spiritual sense by one Rev. Blackwell, and 'afterward by John Palmer, who will be remembered by many. Blackwell gave his name to the little church on Thirteenth-st. In the

and which finally culminated in the trustees canning, as the property of the church, the little grave-yard.

They were ousted and in revenge ordered the bones of their ancient pastor, McInniss, to be dug up and removed. Forthwith to the grave proceeded the trustees. The grave digger drove his spade in the ground and scattered the damp dirt around. Deeper and deeper into the ground went the spade. The pile of earth by his side grow in size. Still there was no sign of the cofflu. Dismay was depleted in the countenances of the trustees. The spade became entangled in the roots of the mulberry tree. When more dirt was removed it was found that the roots had completely filled that portion of the grave occupied by the coffin, of which not so much as a fragment was left—only two of the metal mountings of the lid and a few mails. Not a bone could be found. The mulberry tree had absorbed sverything. Not even a trace of a bone or of the shroud was there, although a long time was spent in the search. So nothing was there to be done but to scrape up a few handfuls of dirt and cast them in the pine box which the trustees had broughs along. The box was closed and taken to Mount Moriah Cemeiery, and there it now lies, no more the bones of old Pastor McInnias than any hill of dirt which can be picked up on Chestnut-st. And the mulberry tree: If gradually decayed and was at last cut down, and now stands a moss-covered sump, a cannibal without a stomech, a ghoul without a ghoul's instincts, a memory of a remarkable physical resurrection.

CALIFORNIAN HOLIDAYS. VIII. SAN BERNARDING.

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

SANTA BARBARA, May 26 .- I passed a new settle-

ment on the Southern Pacific Raitrout the other day which seemed to me an excellent type of the modern pioneer l'fe. The settler of the old school pushed out into the unbroken wilderness, built a log cabin, felled trees, shot game and Indians, and led for some years a lonely life. But the hardy adventurers of that sort are nearly extinet. Many years ago, before there was a railroad across the conti-nent. I found on a desolate Kansas prairie, about forty miles from any village, a family of Bavarian immigrants who evidently meant to grow up with the country. They were living in a dug-out, cook-ing black scraps of buffulo meat over a smoky fire. They had not begun to turn the soil. But around them on the plain lay the machinery and other ma-terials for a brewery. They had hauled this prop-erty—and not much else—from the Missouri River, as the foundation of their settlement, shrewdly judging that as soon as the brewery was built, making a new settlement has been still further im-proved in California. Here they begin with a whole series of municipal improvements, and the houses come afterward. The town of Outsrie is one of numerous speculative ventures which have been made on the colony plan all along the fruit region extending from Los Angeles southward toward the desert-dry. treeless, sandy, forbidding land, in many places nearly bare, in others covered with an ugly growth of sage and similar brush, useless without artificial irrigation, but producing when water is applied the best quality of grapes and oranges, as well as other crops. The founding of colonies on such lands about to have become a recognized branch of the real estate business. A company secure a site including a sufficient stream of lay out the town, open streets, constructs irrigating works, and then sell the lots. When Ontario was founded this last winter, on the western edge of San Bernardino County, the first enterprise of the proprietors—before there were any houses—was to start a newspaper. As the town contained nothing except boundary stakes, The Ostario Fruit-Grower took board, so to speak, at Riverside, where it is still printed. The next improvement was the intro-duction of the telephone; close upon which folowed the corner-stone of an agricultural college. When I saw Outario recently a broad street, called Euclid-ave. , stretched through the brush from the railroad two or three miles back toward Cucamonga Mountain. A hotel and a depot were building. A shanty and two tents, with, I think, a ouse or so in the far background, held the settlers. Since that time a marriage has been celebrated in Council will be elected before the and of the seeson, for a great deal of the land has been sold.

This method of settlement is highly practical and onvenient in a region where the first necessity is irrigation. Obviously it destroys the idylile character of country life. Nothing could be less romantic, less attractive to the eye, less consonant with fancies of rustic simplicity and peace, than one of these patent improvised colony towns, on a burning gray plain. The plank hotel, the busy real estate effice, the unfenced rectangular lots, the water pipes and electric wires, the dusty, unshaded streets, uggest nothing but trade, haste, push, cash and feverish emulation. But I suppose there never was a country in which there was so little poetry about farming as in California. The reality of farming is prosaic enough anywhere, but here the appearance of it is prosaic too. The husbandman has become a contractor who runs a variety of huge machines, and cleans out of his farm all the green corners, the wild bits of copse and flowery canks, the clumps of trees in the pasture, the picturesque tangles of weed and blossom in which the old ben hides her nest and the family cat brings up her litter. There is no emerald carpet under the fruit trees. Even the apple orchard has lost its beauty by becoming a ploughed field. The popular indifference to all trees, except those which bear something to sell, nearly amounts to a dishke. I have had repeated occasion to wonder this winter at the destruction in the streets of Santa Barbara of ornamental timber like the pepper and the enealyptus which had been carefully tended and watered for a course of years only to fall, when well grown, by the wanton are.

When the Mormons settled at San Bernardino many years ago they planted a great deal of cotton. two or three miles from the decayed Spanish settle ment, or Old San Bernardino, as it is now called; they divided it into rectangular plots; they dog irrigating ditches; and everywhere along the roads they planted trees. The consequence is that in the spring of the year, when the fields are green, the country seems a mass of verdure. The site was originally rough and unpromising. It is sieven or twelve miles from Riverside and four miles from the railroad, Colton being the nearest station. The gravelly, b.ush-grown wilderness touches the very streets; but there is a line of thriving settlements running into one another between the railroad and the mountains, -all created out of the wilderness by the use of water,-and if you ascend any of the gentle hills which skirt San Bernardino you will see a far-reaching landscape of waving grain, shady roads, thick orchards, and vines, There is something quite Eastern and home-like in the aspect of this country, and it may be taken as California will look like to a few years, when the colony towns, instead of being scattered here and there, will cover all the territory which there is

water to reclaim. San Bernardino itself, upon a nearer insp is far from beautiful. The Mormons lett it long age, and it differs in no respect from other country supply-towns except in being uncommonly dirty. There are portions of it, with comfortable looking nouses and bright gardens, which would be very attractive but for the prevailing untidiness. The streets are littered with rubbish, and the irrigating ditches are often eneumbered with household refuse, decaying vegetable matter, and the sweepings of the shops. There are various aspects of the "debris question" in California. In the legislative debates it is understood to refer to hydraulie mining. In municipal affairs it might perhaps be understood to mean, What shall we do with the tin cans I and, Need we do anything about sewage I The sewage problem in Southern California has been a good deal neglected, and the hotel arrangements are often amazingly bad. The can question, in a country where the use of canned provisions is something which transcends the conceptions of an Eastern man, is rather a large one. At Nordhoff and elsewhere the heds of the water-courses are obstructed with old tine. But at San Bernardino the relies of expended provender fall where Providence pleases, and lie where they fall. The happy inhabitants seem to be free from the anxieties which trouble their neater neighbors. Whether or not the dirt is unwholesome I certainly cannot say after a short visit. A physician of my acquaintance, who inspected the town, declared very strongly against it. That it cannot be a pleasant residence for an invalid I think certain. The climate probably does not differ materially from that of Riverside and the Sierra Madre. The situation offers the advantage of easy walks and rides, with a striking panorama of mountain scenery to tempt the idler out of doors. The hotels are not suitable for invalids; they are meant for a different class of customers. There are boarding-houses which look well outside, but I know nothing more about them. In considering the claims of San Bernardino upon the attention of persons with affections of the throat and lungs, it must be remembered that it is only in winter that such patients are likely to resort to it : in summer it is far of my visit will be bare; and so will be the fiel The sick man who comes here needs three things.
The first is climate; but hardly less important than climate are an inducement (not a more facility) for exercise and out-of-door life, and comfortable accommodation with nourishing food.

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